

WAYS OF THE WORLD WHERE DIVINE WOMAN REIGNS SUPREME

STUDY OF ATTRACTIVE WOMEN

BY KATE THYSON MARR.

SHOULD she be a blonde, a brunette, the old Irish type with great gray eyes and raven hair, the tawny skinned and flaxen-haired daughter of the "Faderland," the blonde beauty of Russia's frozen steppes, the warm glowing tropical plant of the Latin climes—well, it does not matter, every country of the world has its own peculiar type, and after all the really attractive woman is, in a measure, independent of beauty of either face or form.

A woman who is attractive never grows old. Her attractions keep her heart young and she goes to her grave loved, and mourned, and freshened, and brightened for heaven by the tears that fall on her coffin like the dew that glistens 'neath the sun's kisses of the dawn.

Beautiful Woman Fades.

A beautiful woman soon fades. Her eyes lose their brightness, her complexion its velvety bloom, but the woman who is attractive never loses her charm, which age rather accentuates, making her sweeter and more lovable.

This is a consolation sance for the homely girl, who, if she will take the lesson to heart, may learn wherein much of the attraction of a woman lies. A girl lacking physical charms is apt to deprecate herself, although I must confess that some of the most unequivocally downright ugly women I had ever known were so vain that a peacock would have felt himself side-tracked in the running.

But the average girl, disqualified by the goddess of beauty, deprecates herself, fearing that because she lacks the beauty and facial attractions of some of her friends she bids fair to be lost in the social shuffle. Now this is a mistake, as many of the most attractive women figuring on the social map have their names inscribed in capital letters because of the charm of manner.

How to Be Attractive.

In the first place, a woman to be attractive should begin with her mentality and cultivate the tact which will lend graciousness to every act. A woman who is gracious, who knows how to entertain, who can unselfishly take a back seat, as it were, and allow her guests to usurp the first place, is the woman whose manner will attract man to her, who in turn will wonder and have some little curiosity to investigate. Nature is not altogether a cruel stepmother; she has a little way of chastising in one regard and of compensating in another.

The girl who is beautiful may have qualities that make her enemies and stir up an atmosphere of repellant dislike against her, while the girl who is homely may win the love of every one about her.

The unselfish woman is without doubt the most attractive to both men and women of all ages and sizes and conditions. The selfish woman is a horror scheme from touch to finish.

There are hundreds of ways by which a woman can make her attractions felt. There are the tender-

ings of little kindnesses offered in a tactful way that will make men and women alike admire her.

The woman who is obliging, who will disregard her personal feelings that she may help her friend out of a disagreeable contretemps, is the woman who is always welcome.

There are times when a hostess is most embarrassingly caught through the failure of the appearance of some guest. Many women have so flattering an opinion of themselves that they rather scorn a late invitation to fill up a gap in a dinner party.

Have Hosts of Friends.

Now, women who are able to give dinner parties have hosts of friends whom they would love to entertain did circumstances or space allow, and every one knows that there is nothing so horrible as a dinner table crush. You can stand it elsewhere, but never where your elbows can't enjoy just exactly the bend necessary for both your appetite and your comfort.

There may exist many reasons why a hostess for any particular occasion selects one friend rather than another who perhaps she would really prefer. Now if the regrets from one guest leaves her the notion of inviting another to fill the vacancy, the friend, even though lately invited, should regard it in the light of a compliment that she is given the preference over a score of others also not included among the original invitations.

Is Always Sought After.

The attractive woman is rather too amiable to view the matter otherwise than in the light of the compliment, and up and down the gamut of social intercourse she enjoys a plethora of opportunities that prove her worth and which qualities will always make her sought after. Because a woman is even positively ugly it is no reason why she should not be attractive, and I have known many so unusually unfavored that they were positively fascinating.

Of course, there is no denying that a woman's appearance and her looks are large and elegant factors in the sum total of her attractiveness, therefore a woman not favored of the gods should even take more care of her appearance than one whose beauty needs but little else. A dust colored woman with dust colored hair, a dusty complexion and a general air of dustiness should avoid dusty browns, and yet such a woman will rag herself out in browns from the ground up until she looks like a yellow fever hospital ward. Black or dark colors would bring out in contrast her nondescript type and improve her immensely. A good fit and a well chosen gown would often convert a freak into a passable looking, or, rather, decent sort of exhibit.

Skill and Personal Care.

I am not a beauty expert. If I were, I should have plenty of material right here for experimental purposes, and I happen to be the only one around, but I think that women who lack coloring can improve themselves vastly by a little skill and personal care.



A PRETTY HAT OF FUR AND LACE

I have all a man's love and admiration for a pretty woman; in fact, if I were a man I don't think I could stand an ugly face presiding at my breakfast table, and there seems precious little excuse for a woman who is colorless and anemic looking not trying to improve herself when resale is nineteen cents a box and face powder cheap. Add to this an eyebrow pencil and a woman who looks like she had been made of sponge cake dough can be metamorphosed very effectively.

It may seem a little outre to advocate anything like the use of cosmetics, but the glare of electric lights with a pale white glow is very trying on the average complexion. Of course

hubby will storm nine times out of ten if wifey uses anything of the kind—that is, if he knows it—while in the next breath he will rave over the beautiful blonde who has put it on as thick as if she had been kalsomining the kitchen wall.

A man may storm and rage, but after all he likes to hear his wife admired by other men, and he likes to see her just as well groomed, even though he may do some spectacular swearing over the tailor's bills. A man would be downright lonesome if he couldn't kick about his wife's extravagance.

He will spend \$50 on a club supper and swear over his wife's twenty dollar bonnet. Yet if she got a cheap

one he would pretty soon ask why she didn't get something like Mrs. Hardcash's. The first duty of a married woman should be to make herself perfectly attractive to her husband if she can, and to every other fellow as much as she dares. If her eyebrows lack coloring a five-cent pencil will do wonders for her.

I do not advocate the use of face bleaches and the complexion lotions so extensively advertised, as many of them do more harm than good. The wrinkle remover is a delusion and snare for the beauty-seeking woman. Facial massage, unless one has the time and money whereby to enrich experts, is even a worse delusion and snare.

HINTS FOR BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

HOW TO PRESERVE YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

THERE is a quartet of qualities, says Blanche Ostertag, the artist, which spells the physical charms of the beautiful maiden. The juvenile beauty may be a young daughter of tawny skinned Italy. She may be a brilliant black-eyed charmer of Russia, a budding belle of laughing France, a sunny-faced lassie of the Fatherland, little sister with blue eyes from merry England. She may be a swarthy girlie from the Orient, or that blend of world beauties which form the heritage of Uncle Sam's wee nieces, the finest ladies of the farthest Occident. In each and any event her beauty qualities are the same.

A Delightful Compound.

They are a delightful compound, fascinating to the eye, mingling a delicately molded contour, delicately tinted coloring, suppleness of figure and charming unconsciousness of mind. Just as the early fruit, the pretty little June apple, for example, has a faint daintiness of hue, lost in its later mature ruddiness, so the cheek and the limb of the fifteen-year-old know a fine tinge bespeaking youthful freshness that passes like Spring verdancy, and, unlike Spring verdancy, does not return, says the Chicago Tribune.

A physician can judge a woman's age by examining her skin. With the young girl the skin is elastic, delicate, the blood is nearer the surface, to lend its hue to the tissue above.

Preserving Their Beauty.

Women massage and cold cream, bathe scientifically and engage the services of the beauty doctor to preserve this early delicacy, elasticity—freshness of the skin. The massage aids to retain the vigor of the skin; cold cream "fattens" the tissues, prevents them from "drying up"; the baths keep the skin open and porous, as it is in the face of the young girl.

The young girl may drink coffee and may be living on the sweets of vintands that make for a "high liver's liver," but the coffee and the indigestibles have not yet had time to permeate her every part and settle themselves as they do later in a dark yellowish sediment just below the skin in the lower layers of the skin.

Preserving Their Youth.

Women who have been successful in preserving their youth show the same youthful freshness and delicacy that belongs to the maiden beauty, but it is essentially maiden quality, and unusual with the older woman.

The difference between the youthful and the mature face was vividly expressed in the bon mot of a fourteen-year-old charmer. Some one said of a delightful woman that she was a peach. "Yes, a dried peach," cried the girl.

As delicate as her coloring is the contour of the youthful beauty. Contour, whether of face or limb, is a more infallible sign of youth than coloring. Easy it is to lose the enchanting flush of youth, and difficult though it be to regain it, contour is a yet more difficult problem.

There are, of course, contours and contours. When it is a question of bones they are sure beyond recall. One can show one's face to a physician, and he will point out the outline that one's face will assume in a given number of years.

Grace of Girlish Figure.

The form of the young girl just graduating from childhood is slight, with a grace of its own; in the unfavored ones with an awkwardness of its own. Was it not one of Du Maurier's pictured pleasanties that had to do with the conversation on noses of two feminine fair ones? The pug-nosed one said to the Greek-nosed one that she of the Greek nose would find her chin and nose meeting in old age. "Well," came the Greek-nosed repartee, "that is more than yours will ever do, unless it should travel around the other way."

It is true that chins move upward toward higher things as the years go by, while noses frequently are drawn nearer and nearer the thingy of the earth. Other changes correspond, cheek bones rise, eyes sink, and the like.

The flesh of the youthful beauty keeps its place, but it has not the set appearance of the matured face. Lines and angles, curves and lumps in older faces, one feels, have come to stay. Only by dint of massaging and heroic massaging of beauty martyrs can the "too solid flesh" be induced to assume other outlines than its own.

The beauty face is pliable, it suggests change in progress. Firm, yet yielding, it is neither flabby nor accumulated with stiff masses under the chin or over the cheek bones.

Not only physicians but connoisseurs in feminine beauty and many every day observers can fix a girl's age by the molding of her face.

Preserving Baby Looks.

Some women have a faculty, a gift as divinely cherished as beauty itself, of preserving their baby looks. At eighteen they are charming young women, but they are babies, too. At thirty-five and thirty-six the baby aspect has not left them. They are the women in whom lives not only the child spirit in their hearts, but the child contour on their faces. At fifty one fancies one knows how they looked at seven and ten.

There is a tendon running from the back of the ear slanting forward down to the base of the neck which is inclined to be obtrusive. An old beau of New York remarked a few years ago that he could always tell a woman's age by this rope of tendons. If it showed she was not young.

A third quality of young beauty is the elasticity of youth, the treasure of treasures in beauty. It means grace of movement, agility, rapidity, variety of motion. One of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger's heroines was a woman of between fifty and sixty, charming and sophisticated, who had infatuated a young college fellow. The pathos of the story—a part of it, for there is much—comes in her pitiful endeavors to evince youthful elasticity and suppleness.

HOW THE WEIGHT OF THRONES RESTS UPON ROYALTY'S CHILDREN

Continued from Page Nine, This Section

ties, they could forget that they were the Crown Prince and Princess of Italy and live in the closest retirement, all absorbed in their mutual love.

Even now, when the cares of the State allow it, King Victor Emmanuel is never so happy as when engaged on a similar expedition. It is by no means unusual to read in the papers, without any preliminary warning, that the royal couple have left Rome at 5 o'clock in the morning by the special train for Civita Vecchia, embarking there on the yacht Elena for the little island of Monte Cristo, where they will spend a couple of days.

Tyranny of Kingship.

How tyrannically short is the time which can now be devoted to these delightful excursions! The difficulties which prevent King Victor Emmanuel from staying away for a long period from the affairs of State also forbid him those old-time long cruises in the Mediterranean and in the North Sea, when the royal couple delighted in concealing all traces of the precise whereabouts of their yacht Savona.

"To be sovereign is a tedious business," frequently exclaims Victor Emmanuel. But if his duties as head of the State no longer allow him to indulge in long holidays far from the "world," King Victor Emmanuel, always tries to combine his duties as a sovereign with his ardent desire to enjoy the quiet "menage a deux" with Queen Helen.

King Victor Expert Autoist.

At Racconigi and Capo di Monte King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helen indulge in long rides on horseback, in which they are accompanied by no member of their suite; but of late the favorite pastime of the royal

couple has become motor driving.

Their motor car has performed many record trips. In the course of the Summer, during their residence at Racconigi, King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helen, accompanied only by a chauffeur, visited the whole of Piedmont, also going as far as Liguria and Lombardy.

"Do you think," asked King Victor Emmanuel once of Queen Helen, "that other sovereigns would be afraid to go about as we do, without a single man as escort, and in places which we hardly know?"

"They certainly would," replied the Queen, "and they are thus precluded from enjoying a pleasure which we appreciate so much."

Some Imperial Hobbies.

At the Quirinal Palace in Rome and in the castles of Racconigi and Capo di Monte, King Victor Emmanuel's study always communicates with the boudoir where Queen Helen passes her days, the doors being left open, and the rooms often echo with the voices calling "Victor," "Helen." King Victor Emmanuel spends several hours every day in this study, as he is a veritable devourer of books, reviews and papers.

But the King's great hobby, which he has cultivated ever since he was a boy, is numismatics, and for many years he has been working assiduously on a book which would reflect the greatest credit on any writer, even a writer not surrounded by the halo of majesty, the "Corpus Nummorum Italorum."

In his arduous literary venture the King finds a valuable and indefatigable helpmate in Queen Helen, who also takes a great interest in numismatics, and is the owner of a collection of Slav coins.

Queen Helen is a member of the Italian Society of Numismatics, of which King Victor Emmanuel is president.

Queen Helen is not surrounded by a real court of ladies belonging to the Italian aristocracy; and as for King Victor Emmanuel, his dislike for formalities goes so far that when he is obliged to offer banquets to the Diplomatic Corps or to the high dignitaries of State he only attends as a mere spectator.

The consequence for the guests is almost invariably indigestion, as, in order not to annoy His Majesty, these dinners are served with unprecedented rapidity. On these occasions the King has already dined, or will dine later on with Queen Helen.

Royal Wife Beating.

The matrimonial affairs of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse came to an end December 22, 1901, when, at the instance of the Duke, the Superior Court pronounced the separation.

One daughter, Princess Elizabeth, divides her time between her father and her mother. She was born March 11, 1895, and is now a beautiful young girl, inheriting many of the athletic and studious traits of her mother.

All Europe was deeply interested in the strenuous home life of the Duke and Duchess of Hesse. It is said that a fortnight or so before he attained his divorce he laid violent hands on his beautiful and high-spirited consort.

First of all, he used his fists upon her, and ultimately, by main force, pitched her out of the room in which their matrimonial bickerings reached their athletic climax.

Were Married in Haste.

Both are the grandchildren of Queen Victoria, the Grand Duke being the only surviving son of Princess Alice of Great Britain, while the Grand Duchess is the offspring of the Queen's sailor son, Duke Alfred of Edinburgh and Coburg.

There is no doubt that they were married too young, and their separa-

tion is distinguished from all other dissolutions of royal marriages by the fact that for once it has not been caused, either directly or indirectly, by any infraction of the seventh commandment.

In fact, the trouble originated entirely with the Grand Duke's tendency to practical joking, a tendency which is quite frequent among European royalty, but which, in the case of the young ruler of Hesse, was carried to an extravagant pitch.

Mean Buffoonery of a Prince.

His practical jokes differed from those of his uncle, the Prince of Wales. They resembled those of his first cousin, the Kaiser, in that they partook of rough horse-play and coarseness. Moreover, the Grand Duke, from the time of his marriage, was in the habit of selecting his beautiful wife as the principal butt of his harsh jokes.

These in the Spring of last year, led to her suddenly leaving Darmstadt and seeking refuge with her elder sister, the Crown Princess of Roumania, at Bucharest.

In the middle of a ball at the palace at Darmstadt the electric lights were suddenly extinguished, whereupon the young Grand Duke and several of his associates, who had previously provided themselves with squirt guns, shot water at the bare necks and shoulders of the ladies present, incidentally hugging them whenever they got the chance.

Resenting Vulgarian Indignity.

The Grand Duchess was drenched, besides being embraced roughly by at least two men, neither of whom was her husband. Frantic at the indignity to which both she and her guests had been subjected, she left Darmstadt, accompanied only by her maid, early the following morning.

No one knew what had become of her until thirty-six hours later, a telegram from Bucharest announced her arrival there.

It was only with the utmost difficulty that she was persuaded to return to her husband and child, and then only on the solemn promise of her husband that he would abstain from practical joking at her expense.

Renewed Intentional Rudeness.

But on her return matters went from bad to worse. There was more practical joking, and it was quite as exasperating as before.

Moreover, the highly cultivated and exceedingly clever Grand Duchess, who has been brought up in England and is essentially an English girl, strongly resented the very anti-British attitude which her husband took up in connection with the recent ill feeling in Germany against Great Britain.

The Emperor summed up the character of the Grand Duchess when he said: "A good soldier was spoiled in her to make a poor princess."

She Likes to Be a Soldier.

According to the German custom which permits princesses to become honorary officers of regiments, the Grand Duchess was the head of the Third Regiment of Hessian Infantry, a picked body of horsemen forming part of the Grand Duke's body guard.

She delighted to take part in the drill of her regiment, and followed it at all of the army maneuvers. She was a close student of military affairs, and was generally admitted to have a very sound, practical knowledge of them.

The Grand Duke, on the other hand, like every other German ruling Prince, was absolutely worthless as a commander, and had never been known to be punctual at a drill.

The Grand Duchess had a complete set of military uniforms, including those for campaign, Winter and Summer use. Her uniforms were cut with remarkable skill and taste, and her tall, graceful figure looked exceedingly well in them.

She presented a striking contrast to the German Empress, whose short, stout figure always looked very ludicrous in military uniform.

As for the Grand Duke, he usually appeared in uniforms that were dirty, ill cut and half buttoned.

The Grand Duke contracted the undignified habit of remaining in bed all the morning and most of the afternoon. When he did get up, instead of turning out the guard and attending to the military affairs that he was expected to attend to, he would take up embroidery or some other delicate work.

A Grand Duke Man Milliner.

He had an extremely pretty taste in embroidering flowers on sofa pillows. When his wife would call to see him during the time of their estrangement, he insisted on discussing embroidery and needlework with her.

He wished her to assist him in matching silk threads and other feminine arts.

On the contrary, the Grand Duchess, spent much of her time riding a horse or a bicycle. She played golf, and tennis, and every other sport with which the athletic women of to-day are familiar.

More Grand Ducal Mischief.

Many of the tricks of this peculiar Prince would sound incredible if they were not well authenticated. On one occasion he opened a box filled with mice in her presence and let them run around her.

In spite of her military and athletic proclivities she was enough of a woman to be frightened. The Grand Duke was delighted with the success of the affair, which disgusted most of the crowned heads of Europe.

After their supposed reconciliation the Grand Duchess spent part of one year at her husband's court, but she rapidly became disgusted with him.

As a mother and a Queen, my highest ambition is to endow my country with a group of children such

as those of Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt, and to see among them one who shall do great deeds for Portugal and for the world like Prince Henry."

Thus wrote Queen Amelie of Portugal recently in an article for the National Album on the five hundredth anniversary of Prince Henry, the navigator.

King Carlos and his wife have two children—the small Crown Prince Luis Felipe, Duke of Braganza, and his younger brother, the Duke Debeja. Her Majesty gives them every minute she can spare from her busy life.

The Queen a Physician.

Strange to say, a study of medicine is Queen Amelie's favorite diversion. She is desirous of seeing it taken up by the women of Portugal and openly declares that in her opinion every country should have plenty of well-equipped woman practitioners to attend women.

She is a strong advocate of higher education for women. She takes a great interest in literature, and was astonished on arriving in Lisbon to learn that in her adopted country married women are forbidden by law to publish their works without the approval of their husbands.

Through her influence the law has been modified.

The King a Sportsman.

While the young King is a famous athlete, a perfect horseman and yachtsman, very fond of society, the bull fight, polo, tennis and other outdoor sports, his wife and children spend a good deal of time riding on horseback and driving about the country.

King Carlos I., who is considerably under forty years of age, outgazes more freely with the people than did any of his predecessors.

He may often be met in the streets of Lisbon on foot or riding his splendid carriage, or in his glittering state carriage.